THE SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH'S ALBUM OF ORIGINAL SONGS. PART III.

"I'M NOTHING BUT A BIG WAX DOLL."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALCOLM WILLIAMS AUTHOR OF "MY ANN ELIZER"

MY WATERMELON BOY

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I'M NOTHING BUT A BIG WAX DOLL.

Malcolm Williams.

Composer of "My Ann Elizer," "My Watermelon Boy."

f
1 The life of a doll is ve - ry hard, This some folks may not know, From the time we're stuffed in the fac - to - ry, Till put on a shelf for show; Then some - one buys and takes us home, And
2 A- short time a - go, a big black dog Gave me an aw - ful bite, And I've had my eyes full of fingers poked, Till I've nearly lost my sight; Been bumped and thumped and punched and scratched, My

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rit.

Oh! how we're treat - ed there, I've oft - en been com-
hair it has most turned gray, And I sup - pose my

a tempo

- pelled to sleep With my two feet in the air!
life will end In an old rag - bag some day!

CHORUS.

For I'm nothing but a big wax doll, Not sup-posed to have feel-ings at

all, I'm stuffed with saw-dust, work with a spring, No

mat - ter what folks do to me, I must-n't say a thing; They may

push me and pull me a - bout, And be-cause I'm a doll I must-n't

shout, They shake me, break me and oft - en let me fall, For I'm

nothing but a big wax doll! Nothing but a big wax doll!